

## THE BOOK WORLD.

## What the French Authors Are Giving Forth for 1875.

## Travel, History, Fiction and Philosophy.

## Girarde Chats About the Latest American Books.

## "Jack's Sister"—"From My Youth Up."

PARIS, Dec. 24, 1874.

The lists of the Parisian publishers are particularly well filled this month, not only with the ordinary literature for the new year, which was described in my November review to the readers of the HERALD, but also with works of more gravity than have issued from the French press for some time past. It is fair, therefore, to presume that artists and letters are reviving under the September.

"UNDES DES RAJARS." This book contains the record of a journey in Central India and in the provinces of Bombay and of Bengal, by M. Louis Rousselet. It is illustrated by 317 engravings on wood, designed by the most celebrated French artists, and it has six maps, carefully printed and perfectly trustworthy in their information. It will be published in January next.

No work upon India so important as this has yet issued from the French press, and it is not going too far to say that any one who has carefully perused it will have a better idea of the British possessions in the East than he could have acquired by years of residence there, unless he had enjoyed extraordinary advantages and exceptional introductions. It is a complete picture of the manners, customs, art, architecture, society and institutions of British India. The engravings in it present all the barbaric pomp and splendid poverty of the country; the magnificence, the ferocity, the childish pleasures and the magnificent hospitality of the great people, and the abject misery of the poor. Every engraving is a masterpiece of art, and the style in which the explanatory text is written is most clear and scholarly. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of this book to the political student and the architect. It is one of the most seductive works of travel ever penned, and the manner in which it is got up reflects infinite credit on the publishers. It is a beautiful drawing room book, and it will also hold a permanent place in the library of every Orientalist.

"LE JOURNAL DE LA JEUNESSE, 1873-74."

It has hitherto been among those complaints, which are not wholly unreasonable, that there are too good French books for the young. Messieurs Hachette have now silenced that complaint, and in "Le Journal de la Jeunesse" there is not a single word to which the most scrupulous person could object as having an ambiguous meaning. The letter press is gay, innocent and amusing. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are positively charming, and the book is precisely of that nature which best instructs children because it entertains them most. The account of Stanley's meeting with Livingstone is admirably given, and there is an account of the life and death of Horace Greeley which is likely to attract considerable attention in the United States. Narratives of strange perils by land and sea, some of them worthy of De Foë; the wonders of Arctic travel, the accidents of ballooning, the marvels of natural history, astronomy and science, all are treated by turns, and always well, while the fiction is of that delightful, grotesque sort which sets boys and girls a laughing, while they learn far more than could be taught them by graver methods.

"DICTIONNAIRE DE CHIMIE, PIRE ET APPLIQUEE," by A. Wurtz, member of the Institute of France, is a work deserving the attention of manufacturers, farmers and men of science generally. It is a book of ready reference, its information is trustworthy and it is sold at the moderate price of eighty cents the volume, so that every one may purchase the facts relating to his own business without encumbering himself with superfluous literature.

"MEMOIRS DU DUC DE SAINT SIMON,"

by MM. Chéruel and A. Régnier the younger, opens the first series of the Bibliothèque Varior, issued by Messrs. Hachette, and its price is seventy cents. It is a new edition of the well known "Mémoires de Saint Simon," but it is not a simple reproduction of the old editions. M. Régnier is sub-librarian of the Institute of France, and he has been enabled to restore the original text of the Duke's memoirs as they were first written, and to correct many errors and corruptions which had visited it. This work is accompanied by a notice of M. de Saint-Simon, and it will be useful to careful students of history as well as to those readers who are entertained by old scandals and queer gossip.

"LA BASSE-BOULE," by VICTOR RENÉ, is a pleasant treatise, adapted for the instruction of rich farmers' wives who are fond of their poultry yard. The author talks delightfully about cocks and hens, turkeys and geese, ducks and pigeons, and he tells the result of his experience in ten cents. This little book is accompanied with four engravings.

"GEOGRAPHIE DE LA FRANCE," PAR E. CORTÈS.

Vice-President of the Geographical Society, is a compilation showing the changes made in French territory by the Franco-German war.

"MANUEL MILITAIRE DE LA JEUNESSE," by A. Gaudouin, captain of the Twenty-fifth regiment of artillery, is a good class book for young soldiers, and enters into the elementary science of modern warfare. The recent improvements in firearms are carefully treated. The book is sold for forty cents.

"M. MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES

will publish next month a very learned book, by M. Léon Carré. It is entitled "L'Asie Orientale," and comprises a series of noble essays on the religion, history and philosophy of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Candahar and Palestine. The first volume, which refers particularly to Egypt, deserves the careful study of theologians and antiquarians in all countries. It shows us how one creed has succeeded another in the world's annals and of what each creed was made, and we see that many of the heresies in religious belief over which we are disputing as things wonderful and new, and about which we shall perhaps dispute for ever, were combated long ago by the wisest of our fathers, and were beaten down by the strength of new life and vigor. The second volume, which applies to India, will probably be more eagerly read in England than America, but it deserves attention from every student who is interested in the theory and practice of government, because it reveals the secret springs by which men's minds are moved, and how they may be swayed by tradition and faith when they are deaf to reason. The account of the religious history and literature of the Persians is both new and curious, and the story of Chaldea, that of Syria and Nineveh is a welcome commentary on the disputed passages in Holy Writ. The book, though learned, is not dull, and it is full of anecdotes and episodes such as only can be told by a great writer who is master of his subject.

"ÉTUDES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET LITTÉRAIRES," PAR L. VITET.

This is a work written by a French academician, and it has attracted considerable attention in France, partly owing to the literary celebrity of its author, and partly to the fact that it is preceded by a genial and statesmanlike preface written by M.

Ugoist. It is, therefore, a somewhat solemn legacy which two illustrious Frenchmen, almost equally great in wisdom and morality, have bequeathed to us. It treats of faith and science, of the actual state of Christianity in France, of the influence of Christianity upon modern society, and concludes with seven letters upon the siege of Paris, which is discussed with admirable good sense and good feeling. Those who wish to read of religion and history as good and reasonable men can write of them should study the lessons which Guizot and Vitet teach, and which are contained in "LES AMOIRS DE CE TEMPS LA," PAR ARNÉH ROUSSAÏE.

The favorite novelist of the Second Empire has published a sprightly volume about the ladies who graced the courts of the later Bourbon kings of France; and he has almost succeeded in raising Mme. de Parabère into a heroine. He admits that it is just possible she may have had more than twenty lovers; but she herself had only an inclination for two of them. "She loved the others," observed M. Housaye, "because she was a paragon." Her husband found no favor in her eyes; and a personal friend of his, one M. Gao, having determined to pay his addresses to her while M. de Parabère was overcome by liquor, unexpectedly found her in conversation with a subaltern of cavalry, who was escaping through her bedroom window. "It appears," remarked Gao, drily, "that the romance I wished to write has been already printed." M. Housaye writes so well that a story comprised in his new book has been for some time attributed to Voltaire; it is called "Arbre de la Science," and has a deal of that dry, bright wit which distinguishes the great laughing philosopher. The conclusion of his new book is devoted to the glorification of M. de Parabère, the imaginary heroine of the Abbé Prévost, romance, which inspired Dumas and Verdy with the "Dame aux Camellias" and the "Traviata." M. Housaye also something to say of Rousseau, and believes that the author of the "Confessions" knew very little of himself. To people who are fond of very light reading M. Housaye's books may always be commended, and perhaps as much to be learned from them in an indirect way as from more pretentious volumes.

GERMAIN BAILLIÈRE is about to publish a work by M. Van Beneden, entitled "Les Communautés des Parasites dans le Règne Animal." The author is professor at the University of Louvain and correspondent of the French Institute, and his work, though comprised in a portable volume, is really a learned and able book on natural history. He contrives to invest his parasites with an individual character and makes them as interesting as human beings, or more so, for we know somewhat less about them, and that which M. Van Beneden tells us is new.

"PHILOSOPHIE DE LA REVOLUTION FRANÇAISE," by Paul Janet, member of the Institute of France and Professor of the Faculty of Literature of Paris, is the next work on Germain Baillière's list. It is a collection of some remarkable articles which have appeared for the most part in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, an introduction sufficient to guarantee their excellence. M. Janet tells us all about the fathers and sponsors of the first Revolution and explains their influence. Then he passes on to the socialists and the democratic Catholics, represented by Buchez and Louis Blanc; gives us some criticisms on Michelet and Quinet, and some able commentaries on the writings of De Tocqueville, Renan and Montaigne. M. Janet concludes his reasonings with some brilliant paradoxes in favor of republicanism generally.

"HISTOIRE DE L'ALLEMAGNE DEPUIS LA BATAILLE

by Eugène Véron, is the new volume of the Bibliothèque d'Histoire Contemporaine, also published by Germain Baillière. It explains the character of Prince Bismarck's policy as it is understood in France and shows the present state of government in Germany; describes the position of Prussia from 1867 to 1870, and admits that a war with France was necessary to the safety of the Southern German States. It concludes with an examination of the German military laws, with the difficulties at home and abroad which surround the new Empire. M. Véron is a fair and candid inquirer, and he has given much time to the investigation of the relations between France and Germany, which are still imperfectly understood in both countries.

"ALGERIE: IMPRESSIONS DU VOYAGE," (GERMAIN BAILLIÈRE).

is the record of a journey made in 1873 by Dr. J. Clumagran, an eminent lawyer, formerly attached to the Ministry of Paris, and member of the society of Political Economy. It concludes by an essay on the institutions of the Kabyles and French colonization. Dr. Clumagran explains the obstacles which still exist to the settlement of Algeria, and thinks that ignorance and routine are at the bottom of most of them. His work is really a readable and interesting history of the most important of the French colonies.

"UN PAYSAN ET SES FORMES PRIMITIVES,"

also published by Germain Baillière, is a book by M. Emile de Laveleye, member of the Royal Academies of Belgium, Madrid and Lisbon. It treats of the tenure of property in ancient and modern countries in all the ages of the world, and explains the principles which should regulate succession and inheritance. It is dedicated to the memory of John Stuart Mill and of François Pluot, and it is one of the most suggestive works on political economy which has been published in France for many years.

"LES FEMMES D'ARTISTES," BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

(GENTIL, PUBLISHER).

This is a little book of light French tales, written to prove that the married lives of artists are generally unhappy. We would suggest as a remedy that artists should choose their wives better. A great French composer lately deserted his young wife, alleging that while he was composing she would intrude upon him twenty times in a morning to ask him if he had seen his scissors, thumb, &c., and that in the evenings she obliged him to put on his dress clothes and dragged him about society to exhibit him like a pet lapdog. Well, but why did this gifted but irritable being marry without consulting his future wife's character? When a man hires a house he is never tired of making inquiries—He buys a horse it is much worse; but as to wives, an artist falls in love with a pretty face, raves romantically, dismisses all prudential considerations, and, after marriage, feels quite aggrieved because his wife cannot alter her nature to suit him, when he will not sacrifice a single one of his eccentricities to please her. To tell the truth, we have very little sympathy with the Bohemianism of genius. A man while he works, must, of course, be let alone; but it is monstrous to pretend that he cannot compose as great works in the society of a good wife as with a number of dissolute connections haunting round his desk or easel. The example of Byron has turned the minds of second rate brain-workers to a party at once disorderly and false to nature, for purity of life is the chief essential to that vigor of thought by which alone works of lasting reputation are produced.

TALKS ABOUT NEW BOOKS.

FROM MY YOUTH UP.

"What do you think of Marion Harland's last novel?" asked Miss Rachel of the family gathered around the library table an evening or two since. "I have just finished the book and like it very much," said Mrs. Norton, laying down a copy of "From My Youth Up" (G. W. Carleton & Co.). "There's where I don't agree with you, mother," said Fred, "for I was disappointed in the book."

Mrs. Norton—Explain yourself, Fred; I thought the story was very interesting indeed.

FRED—Of course you did; but I don't want to be trapped by reading a Sunday school book by having it called a novel.

THE DOCTOR—There you do the book injustice, my son, for it is a much better, purer and much less sensational story than usually finds its way to the shelves of our Sunday school libraries.

FRED—I grant that, sir; but, nevertheless, the work is too pious for my tastes. When I want to read a religious book I prefer an out-and-out—the Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress," simple and unadorned.

FELICIA—Do you suppose the book is at all autobiographical?

THE DOCTOR—Hardly; it does not agree with what I have heard of the author's life.

Miss Rachel—Marion Harland is Mrs. E. P. Ter-

rene, the wife of a Dutch reformed minister over in Newark, you know.

FELICIA—Oh, indeed, then that is the reason she speaks so feelingly about minister's wives, and that is why she calls sleeping in church a "bestial habit." I thought she pitched into such things pretty strongly for a disinterested outsider.

Miss Rachel—I do not believe that it is from any experience in her own church. I attended service there one Sunday when I happened to be in Newark, and I saw a wide awake preacher or a more wide awake congregation one would not care to see. Dr. Terrene is not at all such a man as the Rev. Felix Hedden, for he visits a great deal among his congregation, interests himself in all important movements in or out of the church, and is very popular with all denominations.

FELICIA—The reason I thought the story might be the author's own experience is that so many incidents are marked "true" and "a fact."

THE DOCTOR—The world is full of just such men as Parson Hedden. I meet them constantly, men of learning and noble characters, but who, owing to some defect in their make up, fail to find the right path in the world. They are not to blame, poor fellows, but, unless they are rich by inheritance, they have no business to marry, for they always have large families, that they find it hard to work to feed and clothe.

Mrs. Norton—What a beautiful character Mrs. Hedden is. She is so well drawn that I felt upon laying down the work that I had lost a dear friend. The Doctor—She is one of the angels who walk unseen on earth, but who when shown are recognized.

Miss Rachel—That is part of the story, which goes to show how a homely, almost deformed, girl won the love of all who knew her by the nobility of her character.

FELICIA—It is incomprehensible to me how such a fine fellow as Carl Cromer, who might have had his pick of girls, should have thrown himself away upon May. I can better understand his love for Rosa Wagner, heartless creature that she was, for he did not know that, and her beauty captivated him.

Miss Rachel—Ronald is the best man in the book, I think. He is far more attractive to me than May. He was so strong, and Carl was often very weak.

FRED—After making Otto Wagner such a bad fellow, I think he should have done something worse than to have turned out a popular preacher in a rich parish. Ronald did not do any better than that. By the way, do you notice that the author uses the word "aggravated" incorrectly?

She says that Mr. Wagner "was so aggravated by the way Mr. Hedden answered him back," &c. Now, according to Webster, "aggravated" means "increased in severity or enormity; made worse."

THE DOCTOR—It is a very common mistake, and Marion Harland is not the only person who says aggravate when meaning exasperate.

FELICIA (bouncing out her braids of chestnut hair preparatory to retiring for the night)—Have you read "Jack's Sister" (Harper & Bros.), the book that Archie Hamilton left here the other day?

Miss Rachel—From her own chair by the fireplace—Yes, I have read it and agree with Archie that it is a very clever story.

FELICIA—It is not only clever, but it is very natural; as Archie says, it is like finding a spring in a desert to come across a good story as this from the pen of an unknown author.

Miss Rachel—I don't know when I have seen better character painting. The Delamayne family must have been drawn from the life. Don't they suggest the Stroud family very strongly? And Babynelamayne, although she seems too worldly wise and heartless for so young a girl, is very much like Anne Stroud.

FELICIA—Yes, I thought of the Strouds all the time. End Leyburn was too true to her trust, I think. Merle is a perfectly ordinary fellow. I cannot understand why End did not find him out sooner; every one else knew just how bad he was.

But (tapping at an unruly snarl in her half Archie says a man seldom shows the cloven foot to the girl he loves; and Merle did love End as truly as he was capable of loving. She believed in him, and thought it was persecution when the others denounced him. The fact of being his champion made her so blind, I suppose.

Miss Rachel—Although the author would have us understand that End was really more in love with Clifton Gore she does things for Merle that a girl could not do for a man unless she loved him truly.

FELICIA—She did love Merle, and she had no idea that she loved Clifton until she saw that he loved her; then it was too late. Clifton should have come to the point earlier.

Miss Rachel—What a pity that a man cannot wear a little thermometer over his heart to show the state of his affections. When he saw the mercury rising he should begin to pay court slightly, at eighty degrees decidedly, and at boiling point propose.

FELICIA—Suppose you get out a patent, my dear cousin.

Miss Rachel—I prefer leaving that to some one else. For I do not want to make trouble in the world. Plenty of men who think they love their wives and sweethearts quite well enough would find the mercury at zero if they had heart thermometers. As it is, they jog along in blissful ignorance of the true state of affairs.

FELICIA—It is strangely natural for a dear, big, elephantine fellow like Jack Leyburn to fall in love with a hollow-hearted, babyish creature like the little Delamayne. Lucky for him that he found her out in time. What a lie they would have had they married! And how natural for Clifton Gore to loathe her the moment she gave herself up to him! It is a wonder that he did not see through her at first, for there was so much more of a man of the world in her than Jack.

Miss Rachel—Jack was a large hearted but often narrow minded fellow. The idea of his telling his *Amie* that she must not wear her hair in a certain way because his aunt and some other old ladies did not like it. That was carrying the joke a little too far (giving the coals a savage dig with the poker).

FELICIA—Still it was just like such a man. You must remember that Jack was a man's man, and that he never would have gone near a woman if he had not been trapped by Babynelamayne.

Miss Rachel—I do not believe that a fellow like Clifton Gore could ever have played the rascal's part he is made to play in this story. That is the only thing unnatural about the work to me.

FELICIA—I am so glad that the little Bruce girl did not go to the bad, although she came pretty near it after Merle's treatment of her. She turned out splendidly. That scene between the three, the little Bruce, the Dynevor, the Count and Merle was splendid. Hever a fellow got what he deserved, it was Merle Kinnardson.

Miss Rachel—The author of this book is undoubtedly a woman, for she speaks so truly in defence of her sex.

FELICIA—In the first part of the book that is so, but she goes back on it in the latter part. Listen to this—"Is not the drama of the betrayal carried out every day, even as it was in the garden of Gethsemane long ago?"—only it is the woman who conspires to take the leading part on most occasions. Judas was a poor, bungling traitor compared to many a fair-haired, sweet-faced girl in friar's skirts and Dolly Varden hat. Sometimes I feel almost inclined to doubt whether there is any faith or honor between women at all. I pray there may be. Nay, for the credit of the sex and from my own experience, I dare vouch there is on certain occasions, and with one condition always provided—that no man, or shadow of a man, enter into the case. Granted this, and I could even believe in the possibility of such a *parade* as an honest female friendship! What have you got to say to that?

Miss Rachel, reflectively—Only this: that the woman who wrote it has been pretty hard hit at some time in her life.

ONE WOMAN'S TWO LOVERS.

FRED, reading the title of Virginia F. Townsend's last novel, published by Appleton & Co., "One Woman's Two Lovers"—What a name to give a

book! It seems to me as though authors and publishers racked their brains nowadays to see what outlandish names they could give their books.

"He Cometh Not, She Said," and such like. Out on the lot! I say.

ARCHIE HAMILTON—Come now, Fred, that is not fair to judge of a book by its title. You should read the book before you condemn it.

FRED—I'm obliged to you, but a glance answers my purpose. Here comes the heroine over the bridge, dressed up in a brown hat and gray shawl—bad taste to begin with—and she is described as being unmistakably a lady, and her name is Jacobine Thorne. She meets a small boy on the bridge, to whom in the generosity of her heart she gives a few pennies to buy some good bread. A perfect lady in thought, word and deed, for this is what passes through her mind as she places her hand on the "dirty pile of hair"—"Lousy, I dare say, or scald head; but, you miserable little ragamuffin, I'm sorry for you. God made you as well as me, and I can take no special credit on my side for the difference between us; yet, having made you—for what reason He knows, I don't—his natural He should care for you more than He does for me, as I've had the best chance thus far." Not only ladylike but logical; no wonder the people of London thought her odd if she ever gave public expression to such thoughts.

Miss Rachel—The girl improves as the story goes on.

FRED—She might well do that; but even then I cannot understand how she ever succeeded in getting two lovers. One was all she deserved.

Miss Rachel—If you read the story you will find out. A great deal depends upon the *how* does it not? One was naughty and the other was nice. One proposed to her and she refused him, and the other did not propose and she accepted him. There is a little plotting and counter-plotting in the story, the moral of which is, that if you "tell the truth and shame the devil" all will be well with you.

"FOR THE KING'S DUES."

"Now, here is a little novel worth reading," said Fred, taking "For the King's Dues" (Macmillan & Co.) out of his sister's work basket.

FELICIA—It is, indeed, a pretty story and very English. I do not care so much for the hero and heroine as I do for some of the other characters. Dolly Carrell is a much more attractive girl to me than Amie Bunt.

FRED—Amie is too sweet and too sensitive. She could not take a little chaffing without getting in a pet, while Dolly could give as well as take. I do not like these girls with great gray eyes, who go through the world without seeing any but its solemn side. Give me a girl who will laugh and cry with me by turns—often the former than the latter.

ARCHIE HAMILTON—I dislike men like Frazer as much as you dislike girls like Amie. I do not think it necessary for an officer to show his valor by turning spy and sneak. I do not think he truly understood the meaning of those lines of Lovelace that he was so fond of (poking at Felicia)—

"I could not bear to see every page the stamp, not of eminent ability, but of rare intellect. The work sparkles with wit and vivacity, and is marked by judicious observation, profound reflection, and a keen sense of humor, and with apparent unconsciousness. No novel is more entertaining; and the reader, having once begun, he will not stop until he has read the end. A mere literary production it is not surpassed and is hardly equalled by any of the best issued from the American press. We think you for it, and we think him that he has brought one, naturally so bright and so gifted, from darkness to light, and has put her to good use and peace in living in a sacred union with him. Her trials and struggles are not yet over, perhaps are but just beginning; and we believe that she will conquer. For ourselves, we believe God has raised her up, and we believe that she will conquer. We are enabled to acquire a large and varied experience of life, that she may do a great and good work for his glory. His gracious providence will command both her and her book. Good night."

Miss Rachel—You must remember that Amie had been brought up in a country parsonage, while Dolly was a reigning belle in London society.

If Amie had seen a little more of the world, it would have done her good, although I think her very lovable as she was, and she showed considerable spirit at times.

FRED—I will give her credit for behaving very well that night in the cave. I don't believe Felicia here would have been any braver, and I know that Rachel would have fainted with fright and been drowned by the rising tide.

Miss Rachel—Fred, what a tiresome fellow you are! I should have done nothing of the kind. In the first place I never would have gone into a cave to read—I am not romantic enough for that—and in the second place I should have picked up my petticoats and waded out the moment the water began to come in.

ARCHIE HAMILTON—That cave experience is very well told. The writer is excellent at descriptions of coast adventure. She holds the pen of a man at times.

A FANTASTIC HISTORY.

"Come here, Lucy and Harry; I have such a treat for you," said Mrs. Norton to the two children who were playing dominoes on her bedroom floor.

"On a beautiful new book," said Harry. "What is it about, mamma?"

"This is 'The Fantastic History of the Celebrated Pierrot,'" replied the mother. "I got it to read to my dear little children when they are tired of play and want to hear a beautiful story."

"Tell us about it first, mamma," said Lucy, "and then we can read it together."

"Once upon a time," began the mother, "a miller and his wife had a little son whom they named Pierrot. Now Pierrot was a fair godmother whose name was Aurora, and there was nothing that she would deny her favorite godchild. When he grew to be a man Pierrot became a soldier, and with the help of the good fairy, he fought and conquered armies, giants, demons and everything that came in his way. He was a great man, and lived a glorious life, and although he began his career as a poor peasant boy he became the virtual Emperor of China, Tibet, Mongolia and the peninsula of Corea."

"What is all that you are trying to make these children believe?" said the Doctor, entering the room and warning his hands at the open fire. "I have just been telling them about an English book I bought at Scribner, Armstrong & Co.'s this morning," replied his wife. "It is a fantastic thing, a cross between Jules Verne and Baron Munchausen, and beautifully illustrated with a picture on almost every page. I think that children are better pleased with such stories than those about the little goodies, who never look out of the window on Sundays and sit all day twirling their thumbs and longing for Monday. Stories like the 'Adventures of Pierrot' do no harm and are very amusing."

LITERARY OBIT-CHAT.

Macmillan & Co. will soon publish the "Reminiscences and Diary" of W. R. Macready, the actor. The same firm is preparing a second edition of Baron Hüner's "Rambles Round the World."

Every article in the London *Academy* is signed by the author's full name.

The February number of *Scribner's Monthly* will contain a biographical and critical article on Theodore Thomas, by Mr. John K. Hassard, the musical critic of the *Tribune*. A portrait of Mr. Thomas will accompany the article.

Dodd & Mead have sold 10,000 copies of Rev. E. P. Roe's "Opening of a Chestnut Burr."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press a volume on "Religion as Affected by Modern Materialism," by James Martineau, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Bellie A. The volume is an analysis of the various theories of the same name which have just issued from the pens of the most prominent writers of the day.

Robert Brothers have in press for immediate publication, "Recollections and Suggestions of Public Life," by John Earl Russell; "Social Pressures," by Sir Arthur Helps; "Governatorial Religion," by Our Sketching Club; by R. St. John Tyrwhitt; "Life of Ezra Stiles Gannett," by his son; "Harry Bunt," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and "A Hambling Story," by Mary Cowden Clark.

The "Greivie Memoirs" will be issued this month in a Brie-A-Brac volume, by Scribner, Armstrong & Co. It will not be illustrated, as at first announced, by any miniature for being in contact with the men and things of modern Europe, and if Spain does not obtain a position in it worthy of her history, and at the time independent and de-

arctic expeditions from 1773 to 1874, with biographical and other matter, will soon be published by Messrs. Griffin, of Portsea, England.

Arnold Housaye's "Parisian Society of To-day" will be issued in book form by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MM. Eckmann-Chartrain's "Brigadier Frederic" will be published in this country by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A posthumous essay on "Socialism," by John Stuart Mill, will soon be brought out.

R. F. Dutton & Co. will soon issue a \$3 edition of "Farfar's" wife and child.

G. O. Holland, Esq. is said to make the cleanest "copy" of any author.

A well known writer calls Susan Coolidge, Miss Woolsey, the American Hans Christian Andersen.

"Housekeeping in the Blue Grass" is the rural title of a book prepared by the ladies of the Presbyterian church of Paris, Kentucky, and published in Cincinnati.

Mr. George F. Fort, a distinguished lawyer of Camden, N. J., has just completed "The Early History and Antiquities of Free Masonry," upon which he has been engaged for several years. Mr. Fort proves that many features which exist in the modern society are directly derived from old Northern sources. Authorities are produced to attest the contemporaneous existence of Germanic guilds in Northern Italy with a corporation of Byzantine builders.

Mr. William Black initiates another letter on "American Curiosity" upon the readers of the *Athenaeum*, in which as little as possible is said in the largest number of words.

Mr. Ralston, of the British Museum, is lecturing to Londoners on "Fairy Tales; Their Origin and Meaning."

The Boston magazine *Old and New* will hereafter be published by Lee & Shepard, and will be illustrated by Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees has been selling for weeks in London at the rate of 7,000 copies a day average.

Spiritualist literature appears to have captured several of the magazines of late.

A new edition of the Latin Fathers, well edited, is promised by the Imperial Academy of Austria. This is greatly needed, as the Abbé Migne's edition of the Fathers has been out of print ever since the burning of his immense publishing establishment, and was moreover very incorrect in text.